

DID Disease

I have fallen through filth of mind and personality
carried and worn by a 3rd party detestable individual person and
into eyes of any passing hapless, a DID loon
few believe is possible
because they haven't tasted pulp neural maggotry, in terms of
having such a double-digit IQ stuck in bad clothing and
kitchen floors covered in layer excretion and bizarre
numbers of expiration calendars sitting among stuff that's many many
years too late to consume, so why the hell the year and month
numbers I wonder, when dates are long gone anyway and the
weird currents flopping about that DID person's daily cuckoo-angered
driving and waddling and Narcissist-ish blaming
others for everything in all weather and even full bingo halls instead
of knowing their own ravenous pin-flame failure
as person
as mind
as being
one stupidly called "nice" by an only burnt brain who
keeps that DID immune from analysis, a separate foole who's
a fed double-felon listed worldwide on legal websites as predator
and molester and somehow that DID fiend the felon calls "nice" thinks it
important to protect and support all corrupt and shamed
relations, like stupid viral brain bug with no sense and no
thoughts beyond damaged and the arrogant false signals
to go with flip-flops so classless in the living room, interrupting
everyone while the diseased DID spills dark damaged emotion
in front of bad weak re-run game shows while wearing
bad Nazi hair
bad trauma clarity
a badly poisoned useless life stacked with
"deer-in-headlight" eyes and half-cooked negative beans in
globus pallidus.